

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 3.—Number 116.

Grand Haven, Mich., April 12, 1881.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.
Published every Wednesday,
BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office.)
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1sq.	2sq.	3sq.	4sq.	1col.	2col.	3col.
1 w.	50c	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50
2 w.	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00
3 w.	1.50	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50
1 mo.	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00
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order, with neatness and despatch.

Patronage is respectfully solicited.
Letters relating to business, to receive atten-
tion, must be addressed to the Publishers.
J. & J. W. BARNES, PUBLISHERS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. J. Pfaff, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Elias G. Young, Clerk and Register
of Ottawa County, and Notary Public, Office
at the Court House.

Henry B. Wanzelangen, Archi-
tect and Builder, Grand Haven, Mich. 112

H. C. Akeley, Circuit Court Com-
missioner for Ottawa Co. Office at the Court
House, Grand Haven.

George Parks, Treasurer of Ottawa
County, Grand Haven, Mich.

Frank C. Stuart, Notary Public,
Grand Haven, Michigan.

Atwood Brothers, Counselors at
Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd, door above the
News Office, Washington St., Grand Haven.
W. M. ATWOOD. J. L. ATWOOD.

Rasch & Fiebig, Wagon-Makers—
in all of its departments. Shop, corner of
Canal (west side), and Bridge Streets, Grand
Rapids, Mich. [ly ntl]

Frank C. Stuart, Watch and Clock
Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street, Gr.
Haven, Michigan. A New and select assort-
ment of Clocks, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c.,
just received. Prices low and terms cash.
Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.
Grand Haven, March 21st, 1880.—[u 64 H

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon,
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon,
Office at his residence, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of
Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address
Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third
Mondays of each Month. Office at the Court
House, Grand Haven.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in
Stoves, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spikes,
Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's
Forks, and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and
Sheet-Iron Wares. Job work done on short
notice. Corner of Washington and First sts.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-
sure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg,
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand
Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,
Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Pro-
vision Merchant. One door below the Post
Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedman, Deal-
ers in General Merchandise, Flour, Salt,
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Griffin & Co., Dealers in Drugs, Med-
icines, Groceries, Provisions, Perfumery, Paints,
Oils, Glass and Fancy Goods. At the old
Store, corner of Washington and First Street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Nash Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware,
Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of
J. H. Newcomb, State st., Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer
in Gentle Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.
2d door below the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-
gles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-
fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
234, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Threshing Ma-
chines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all
kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Ag-
ricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand
Rapids, Mich.

LOST ON THE LADY ELGIN.

Up from the poor man's cottage,
North from the mansion door,
Sweeping across the waters,
And echoing long the shore;
Caught by the morning breeze—
Borne on the evening gale;
Cometh a voice of mourning:
A sad and solemn wail.

Oh! 'tis the cry of children,
Weeping for parents gone;
Children who slept at evening,
But orphans woke at dawn.
Sisters for brothers weeping,
Husbands for missing wives—
Such are the ties dissolved
With these three hundred lives.

Staunch was the noble steamer—
Precious freight she bore;
Gaily she loosed her cables,
A few short hours before.

Grandly she swept our harbor,
Joyfully rang her bell;
Little thought we 'ere morning,
'T would toll so sad a knell.

CRONIN.

Lost on the Lady Elgin!
Sleeping to wake no more,
Numbered in that three hundred,
Who failed to reach the shore.

WORK AND WORRY.

I have two neighbors who interest me
considerably. For some time past I have
been observing them pretty closely—ob-
serving them as a philosopher. The hu-
manitary aspect of the case I keep out of
sight as much as possible, as that would
disturb my mind. I, philosopher you
know, must dwell in a serene atmosphere.

One of my neighbors is a poor woman,
with four children wholly dependent on
her labor for food and clothing. The other
is the wife of a citizen comfortably well
off, and has two servants to do the work
of her household. It is about two years
since I commenced observing them, and
both have failed considerably in that
time. If the work of exhaustion contin-
ues as rapid as it has been going on for
the last twelve months it will only take a year
or two more to complete their life histo-
ries. My poor neighbor, I think, will
hold out the longest, as the disease from
which she is suffering does not break
down the constitution so quickly as the
one that has robbed my other neighbor's
cheeks of their bloom, and her step of its
lightness.

Yesterday I called in to see Mrs. M.,
my poor neighbor. I found her standing
over a washing tub, with a pale, weary
face. It was three o'clock in the after-
noon, and, from the quantity and condi-
tion of her work, it was plain that she
had yet two hours of exhausting labor
before her.

"Always hard at work, Mrs. M.—"
said I.

"Yes," she answered with a faint smile.
"I and work are old friends."

"Work," I remarked, "is a friend that
sticks to some people closer even than a
brother."

"You may well say that," was her re-
ply to this, with an amused expression on
her thin face; "I am work's favorite sis-
ter."

I smiled in return, and said: "You
manage to keep cheerful with it all, Mrs.
M.—"

"Not always cheerful, and never very
sad; I sing at my work sometimes, and
that makes it lighter."

I glanced around the room. To my
eyes everything wore a cheerless aspect.
Two neglected children were playing on
the floor. Perhaps I ought not to say
neglected, for their faces were clean, and
their clothes not in a very bad condition.

Yet it was plain to see that the mother's
hands were too full of work to care for
them properly.

"Singing," said I, "is better than sigh-
ing. I am glad you have heart enough
to sing at your work."

"Why shouldn't I work? Everybody
has to work; some harder than others, it
is true; but it all goes in the lifetime. I
am too thankful to get work to sit down
and cry over it."

"And you sing to make it lighter?"

"Yes," she answered in a quiet way.

"Your health is not very good," said I.

"Not so good as it was a year ago—"

I tire more quickly and suffer oftener with
bad headaches. Of late I have been a
good deal troubled with a pain in my
side. But I try not to think of it. Think-
ing about pains and troubles, you know,
always makes them worse."

"I know some people," said I, "who
would be happier than they are if they
had some few grains of your philoso-
phy."

"Our minister says that we make, for
the most part, our world of happiness or
misery. And I believe him. Why, if I
gave way to gloomy thoughts I should
make myself wretched all the day long.

It's as much as I can do to take thought
for each day as it comes along. We only
have a day at a time, you know, and it's
my belief that if we improve our to-days
rightly, God will take care of our to-mor-
rows."

Mrs. M.—bent down over her wash-
ing tub and resumed her work, adding as
she did so:

"But we must improve our to-days as
well as our to-morrows. I've got full two
hours' work ahead of me, and mustn't
stand idling."

I sat a little while longer, talking with
Mrs. M., and then retired saying to
myself, "Poor woman! your work is too
hard for you. It is wasting your life
away. Your slender frame was never
made for toil like this."

Passing from the door of my humble
neighbor I crossed the street, and ran at
a house of more imposing aspect than
hers. A servant showed me into a hand-
somely furnished parlor, where I waited
several minutes for the lady on whom I
had called.

"Are you sick, Mrs. B.—?" said I,
as I took her hand, and looked with con-
cern into my neighbor's pale, troubled
face.

"Not sick," she answered, "but worried
half out of life. Sit down I am glad to
see you."

"What has happened to worry you?"

I inquired, "anything more than usual?"

"There's always something more than
usual happening in this house," she replied
in a fretful way, "it seems to me that
nothing goes right. Just come up stairs
and I'll show you something."

She arose and I followed her, ascend-
ing to the chamber on the next floor. It
had been newly papered, I saw at a glance.

"Now just look at that border," she
said, pointing upwards. "Isn't it horrid!
It spoils the whole effect of the room—"
The piece I chose was lovely. What pos-
sessed the man to substitute this is more
than I can tell. He came while I was
out, and the room was finished when I re-
turned."

I looked at the border but made no re-
mark.

"Did you ever see anything so out-
landish?" said Mrs. B.—, with an ex-
pression of disgust on her face.

I suppose it must be set down to my
want of taste in things ornamental, but I
could not see in what the border was out
of keeping with the style of paper. To me
it was very neat and appropriate.

"I can never endure it!" ejaculated
Mrs. B.—, in a disturbed manner. "Never.
The man must take it off. It will be
a constant eye-sore. And just look
how poorly he has matched the pattern
under that window."

I looked to the place indicated, but my
eyes failed to see the defect. On going
nearer, however, I noticed a very slight
deviation from the right line of contact
between two parts of a grape leaf. My
wonder was how Mrs. B.—had managed
to discover the fact. I am sure it would
not have been revealed to one pair of eyes
in a hundred.

"There's no trusting anybody to do
things right," continued Mrs. B.—, in a
nervous complaining way. "As if I had
not enough to worry me already, this
must be added. It has set my head to
aching as if it would burst."

"How is little Freddy?" I asked, wish-
ing to turn her thoughts to something
more pleasant.

"I'm dreadfully worried about him,"
she replied—the troubled aspect of her
face taking on a new and more painful
character.

"Is he sick?"

"No, he's not just sick; but I expect
he will be. Only to think of it. I sent
the nurse out with him, yesterday, to get
fresh air. She was gone a long time; so
long that I got very uneasy. I question-
ed her closely when she came back, and
—would you believe it!—the creature
owned to having been to see some of her
Irish friends somewhere in the lower part
of the town. Of course it was in some
low, dirty hovel, and among filthy dis-
eased children. Who knows but my little
Freddy has been exposed to the infection
of small pox or scarlet fever! Why, I
hardly slept an hour at a time all night
thinking about it. He looked heavy and
drooping this morning, and I sent for the
doctor."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "doctors never give
you any satisfaction. He made light of
the matter, of course. But I understood
the meaning of that. He didn't wish to
alarm me. I shan't have a moment's
peace of mind for a week to come."

I suggested that it was only conjectured
as to the child's having been ex-
posed to disease; and that she might be
fretting herself to no purpose. This, in-
stead of allaying, seemed to increase her
disturbance of mind. So I tried a new
subject, seizing upon the first one that
presented itself. I knew that she had
obtained, a few weeks before, a first-rate
cook.

"Lucy still gives satisfaction?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I don't ex-
pect her to stay."

"Why not?"

"Oh, girls that are worth having nev-

er stay. She's the best cook I ever had;
but I expect every day to receive notice
that she is going to leave us."

I smiled in spite of the solemn face
that looked into mine.

"I am afraid you take trouble on in-
terest," Mrs. B.—sufficient unto the
day is the evil thereof. Enjoy your good
cook while you have her. It will be time
enough to be uncomfortable when she
leaves, and that may not be in the next
five years."

"It's easy enough to talk," replied
Mrs. B.—a little impatiently. "But, if
you'd passed through what I have—"

She stopped suddenly, bent her head
toward the door, and listened.

"That's Freddy, now."

I heard the child's waking cry.

"Come with me to the nursery," said
Mrs. B.—, moving toward the door. I
followed. The child had just awakened
from a long nap, and was fretting, as we
often see children when aroused from
sleep.

"Just look how red his face is!" ex-
claimed Mrs. B.—; "are you sick, dar-
ling?" and she gathered him up in her
arms. "Just feel his hand? It is burning
with fever."

I took the soft little hand in mine, and
held it for a few moments to mark the de-
gree of heat. To me there was nothing
beyond the warmth of vigorous health.

"There's no fever here, Mrs. B.—,"
said I, confidently.

"Yes, there is," she replied. "He's
got a high fever. Is your throat soar,
darling?"

Freddy put his hand to his neck, and
swallowed once or twice.

"Does it hurt, love?"

The child nodded his head in assent.

The face of Mrs. B.—grew suddenly
pale as ashes.

"There, I knew it! I knew it. He's
getting the scarlet fever. Oh dear!" and
she laid her face down among her child's
sunny curls, and sobbed wildly.

"Pray don't distress yourself, Mrs. B.—;
Freddy is not sick," I urged. But my
words had no effect upon her. She sob-
bed on for some minutes, until agitation
exhausted itself.

"Will you ring the bell?" she asked at
length, looking at me with a sad, tearful
face.

I pulled the bell-rope, and the nurse
came in almost immediately.

"You must go for the doctor," said
Mrs. B.—. Freddy is sick. He's getting
the scarlet fever."

The girl looked frightened, and went
hurriedly from the room.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. B.—,"
said I trying to reassure her; "I am sure
Freddy is not sick. Why his hand is no
hotter than mine. As I took his hand
again my own came in contact with hers.

It was as cold as marble. No wonder
the babe's soft, warm flesh was burning
to her touch."

"Feel my hand," I said; "mine and
Freddy's together, and see which is hot-
test."

"You have fever," she replied.

"No," said I; "your hand is icy cold.
It has deceived you. Freddy has no fe-
ver."

By the time the doctor arrived Freddy
was playing about the floor as lively as a
cricket, and I had succeeded in convincing
Mrs. B.—that he was in no immediate
danger. But the mother was in most
need of medical attention. Her nervous
fears had so exhausted her that she was
unable to hold her head up. She was
lying on the sofa when the doctor came,
her face of a deathly hue. He scolded
her soundly, saying that she would kill
herself if she went on in this way; made
a prescription for her, scarcely noticing
the child, and went off. As my presence
could hardly be agreeable to either party,
I retired also, pondering the case in my
philosophical way.

"Worry is worse than work," said I,
"without any doubt. If Mrs. B.—keeps
on after this fashion she'll shuffle off her
mortal coil in less time than poor Mrs.
M.—"

On the next morning I saw Mrs. M.—
bright and early, on her way to a neigh-
bor's house, where the day was to be spent
at the ironing table; her children remain-
ing at home in the care of their oldest
sister—herself but a child.

"How's Mrs. B.—?" I asked of the
nurse, whom I saw standing at the door
about ten o'clock with Freddy in her
arms. The child looked the very picture
of health.

"Sick in bed ma'am," she replied.

"Indeed; what ails her?" I asked.

"Oh! she worried herself yesterday
ma'am, about Freddy. And it wasn't a
bit of use. Nothing at all was the mat-
ter with him, dear little fellow."

I passed on, saying to myself, "Yes,
Mrs. M.—was right; worry kills quicker
than work. If Mrs. B.—keeps on as
fast as she is now going she will get to
the end of her journey long before her
hard-toiling neighbor."

I shall look in upon both of them again
before long, and if I see any new aspects
worth recording, the reader may hear
something more of my two neighbors,
who are slowly exhausting their mortal
life one by work, and the other by worry.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Always look up.—God looks down.

—Sorrows are the shadows of past
joys.

—Fixed stars shine with a steady lus-
ter.

—To cure poverty.—Sit down and
grow about it.

—It is a good rule always to back
your friends and face your enemies.

—He that is too good for good advice,
is too good for his neighbor's company.

—Men in the height of prosperity
should fear a change, and be prepared.

—We like a spirit of compromise; but
no man should compromise his friend or
himself.

—Two men undertook to see which
would run the fastest. One was a com-
stable and the other was a thief.

—Men of the noblest dispositions
think themselves the happiest when oth-
ers share their happiness with them.

—Why can't Louis Napoleon's life be
insured just now? Dye give it up? Be-
cause nobody can make out his policy.

—A man's reputation often depends
on the place where he falls asleep. If in
a drinking saloon, he is thought a drunk-
ard.

—The total receipts of cotton in Mem-
phis, during the past year, were 392,000
bales, nearly twice the quantity usually
received.

—"Dawdler," said an exquisite, "I
desire you to tell me what to put into
my head to make it right." "Only brains,
sir—nothing but brains."

—"I wonder what makes my eyes so
weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "You
need not wonder—they are in a weak
place," replied the gentleman.

—The best capital a young man can
start with in life is industry, with good
sense, courage and the fear of God.—
They are far better than cash, credit or
friends.

—"Mother," said a little square-built
urchin of about six years of age, "why
don't the teacher make me monitor some-
times? I can lick every boy in my class
but one."

—A club boat has just been built,
which is so nicely poised that the rowers
are obliged to be particular in parting
their hair down the middle to keep their
balance.

—The clergyman in a certain town,
having published the bans of matrimony
between two persons, was followed by the
clerk's reading these words: "Mistaken
souls who dream of heaven."

—A mother admonishing her son, told
him not to defer till to-morrow what he
could do to-day. The urchin replied,
"then, mother, let's eat the remainder of
the plum-pudding to-night."

—An Irishman going to the post-of-
fice, inquired if there were any letters for
him. "Your name, sir," said the clerk.

"There is a good one, now," said the Ir-
ishman; "why won't you see it on the
back of the letter?"

—The Culpepper Observer says:—
"Wanted at this office, an editor who can
please everybody. Also a foreman who
can arrange the paper as to allow ev-
ery man's advertisement to head the col-
umn."

THE CENSUS.—The grand total of the
population of the United States on the
1st of June last, as shown by the returns
published yesterday, was 31,429,891,
against 23,191,876 in 1850. This shows
an increase of 8,238,015, or 35.53 per
cent.

—A clergyman at an afternoon ser-
vice was asked to read a notice of a wo-
man's right's lecture which he did in this
wise: "At half-past six o'clock, at the
school-house in the first district a hen will
attempt to crow."

—"My dear fellow," said Beau Hick-
man to a waiter in a hotel. "I have a re-
spect for flax! Indeed, I may say I am
fond of flax; but I like to have them
and my milk in separate glasses! They
mix so much better when you have con-
trol of both ingredients!"

—"John, who was the wisest man?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Yes, you do know; tell me?"

"Well, I guess it was uncle; for father
said he was so cunning he got everybody
to trust him, and wasn't fool enough to
pay nobody."

—"Cuffee, which do you think do most
useful ob de planets, de sun or moon?"

"Well, Sambo, I think de moon or-
take de sun run in dat air tickler."